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Gallery and Studio

THE A. T. STEWART COLLECTION.

HIIS justly famous collection of paintings is to be brought to the hammer some time in March, together with a good deal of marble statuary, books and miscellaneous art objects. In the meanwhile the pictures will be shown at the American Art Galleries, where they will be sure to attract crowds of visitors. If they could have been left on view at the Stewart mansion, the number of visitors would doubtless be still greater, for there has always been the liveliest curiosity on the part of the public to get a glimpse of the inside of the great, mysterious marble palace where these art treasures have been concealed. We hardly share the opinion of some of the newspapers that the sale will rival that, last winter, of the estate of Mary Morgan, and it will certainly fail to afford any sensational feature like the "peach-blow" vase incident. There is a good deal of valuable old Sèvres and Dresden china, but when Mr. Stewart was a collector the taste had not yet been born in this country for the old porcelains of China and Japan. Nor is the Stewart gallery exactly the shrine of a poet-painter. To quote the language of a former writer* for *The Art Amateur*: "You do not go thither to see examples of Delacroix, Decamps, Millet, Corot, Rousseau; it is evident that the collector knew what he liked, and did not mean to be mystified. On the whole, believing it to be fully a representation of the owner's choice and taste, we uphold it as a noble example of the æsthetic discernment of a merchant-prince."

The "1807" by Meissonier, which is generally regarded as the chief jewel of the collection, arrived in New York about the first of March, 1876, after having been shown in the Vienna Exposition as an imperfect picture, with chalk-marks and other such scaffolding across its face. The price paid was generally stated at \$60,000, but when it was safely housed, \$80,000 was the figure named by the major-domo. Sir Richard Wallace was the intending purchaser, and on his declination it was sold to Mr. Stewart by telegraph. The canvas is eight feet across by four and a half feet high, and the larger human figures in front measure eighteen inches in height. The subject was at first known as "Friedland;" but for this, as it is no battle-picture, the date of Friedland, or culmination of Napoleon's fortunes, was substituted. Dictator of Europe, owner of France, Napoleon is represented as reviewing the troops that have won his supremacy. The topic of the scene is merely a ceremonial review; but the story of many a battle is indicated in the wild enthusiasm of the soldiers as they pass their leader. In fact, it is the factitious strength of devotion, and not the real energy of muscle and sinew, which casts these soldiers into their frenzied postures. They get their strength from the leader's eye, which commands them, distant, grave, and tranquil. At the moment depicted these troops are, as a writer points out in *L'Art*, at the last extremity of physical endurance. But for the animating force of loyalty and worship they would be exhausted with fatigue. The campaign against the Russians has gone on during ten days without repose or truce. In the environs of Friedland, the battle has lasted nine hours. The French

have taken seven flags, one hundred and twenty cannon, and killed or wounded, or imprisoned sixty thousand of the enemy. Alexander of Russia has been forced to ask for peace. Thus, exhausted and victorious, the army files before Napoleon.

The Emperor, placed on a hillock, is surrounded by his état-major and by his marshals, Bessières, Duroc and Berthier. At his left and behind, Nansouty waits with his division for the moment to wheel into line. Further on appears the Old Guard with its bearskin caps and white breeches. Napoleon, on a white horse, is making a salutation; in fact, there just arrives, like the cataract of some mighty river, the Twelfth Regiment of cuirassiers, galloping as in a charge. The earth trembles, and from hundreds of grizzled mustaches arises the cry, "Long live the Emperor!" At the head of his regiment, the colonel of the Thirteenth is passing the leader, and is in the act of uttering his shout of loyalty; standing in his stirrups, he rises to his full height so as to

Meissonier labored fifteen years at this picture. Each personage, though never so insignificant, was made the subject of a separate painting, finished with care, and in no sense a sketch; there are movements of an arm which have only been arrived at after a series of designs which are each admirable morsels of painting. The costumes and trappings were made by tailors, boot-makers, and saddlers. Meissonier modelled with his own hands small horses in wax, which were afterward completely harnessed, so as to produce the optical effect desired. We can but admire this "fussiness" when we find that it enhances, rather than spoils, an art-scene which still keeps superior to all dilettanteism.

In order to study the galloping horse in full motion, Meissonier used to travel in a railway laid down for his use, and while his model would gallop at his side, make paintings and drawings after nature of the action of the motor muscles, and the alternation of the hoofs.

It is rightly felt that America has secured an artistic triumph in the possession of this great canvas of "1807," which it is not likely its author will ever equal now. Its merit, however, is rather in a general accumulation of triumphs and vanquished difficulties, than in simplicity, felicity, and ease. In fact, Meissonier is never so happy in open air, landscape situations as in the interior effects of his earlier period. His determination to succeed in open, sunlit scenes seems to have been forced on him by emulation with Fortuny, whom in luminous quality he never equals.

The other Meissoniers in the Stewart collection are on his more familiar cabinet scale. One is called "A Reminiscence of the Franco-Prussian War." Two orderlies, with tall, cylindrical caps, each leading a horse beside his own, interview a sentinel at the door of a barrack. In the blaze of hot sunshine, the buttocks of the iron-gray horse, led by the orderly who engages the sentinel in talk, are positively real, muscular, and solid to an extent of perfection scarcely realized by any of the horses of the "1807." The projecting lintel over the door casts its own triangular masses of shadow, which, though transparent, seems chopped out, thick, and real; and, on the whole, Meissonier succeeds better in this picture with the realistic effect of intense daylight, than in anything else he has done. The laurels of the Roman-Spanish painters are what in reality cast these sharp, real, and true shadows into the manipulation of Meissonier; except for their emulation he would have remained content with the degree of tempered and conventional sunshine seen in his "Solferino" of the Luxembourg collection.

Another of the Stewart Meissoniers is remarkable as showing one of his very few female studies. A beggar-woman, carrying a baby, asks alms of a gentleman on horseback, who wears the half-moon chapeau of the Directoire, and reins in his steed, to confer the gratuity, with that air of perfect horsemanship which this painter best knows how to give. The scene takes place in a public garden, with small, regular trees like those of an orchard, and the soft flash of summer sunlight is frankly and brilliantly conveyed. The remaining picture by this famous and dreadfully expensive artist is the portrait of himself, a miniature in water-color, showing his fine gray, Spanish-looking head in three quarters' view. It was a present sent along with the "1807"—a gift as between equals, from the paint-monarch to the money-king—a bit of paper signed in the artist's manner, in exchange for the sixty-thousand-dollar check.

By Gérôme there are three important examples. The "Pollice Verso" is one of his elaborate scenes of Roman life, corresponding with the "Death of Cæsar" and the "Ave Cæsar." Gérôme's intense dramatic instinct has made him seize upon the paradox of the Vestal Virgins,



FRAGMENT OF "THE CHILDREN'S PARTY." STUDY BY THE ARTIST, LUDWIG KNAUS.

[IN THE A. T. STEWART COLLECTION.]

give more effect to his salutation. It is impossible to express more truth in a movement or more expression in an attitude. Farther off, at the corner of the picture, a bugler, with yellow uniform frogged with brandebourgs, dashes forward so as to get into the first rank. Placed at Napoleon's right hand, in the foreground, are the four guides composing the avant guard of the imperial escort. They keep in the most rigorous military attitude, their sabres in their fists upon the thigh, the blades pointing to their shoulders, their energetic faces divided in two by their level mustaches, their heads plunged into broad bearskins, their sinewy figures dressed in yellow breeches and red dolmans. The foreground is devoted to the cuirassiers, who succeed each other as in a frieze, the light catching on their armor, the dust flying like velvet on their boots, and their galloping horses thrashing the soft spring wheat of the fields near Friedland.

*This article is in large part a reprint of the series of papers on the A. T. Stewart gallery which appeared in the first numbers of *The Art Amateur* (June to September, 1879) from the pen of Earl Shinn, better known as Edward Strahan, by whose recent and untimely death the public has lost a most accomplished and graceful art writer.

emblems of all purity, cruelly demanding in a body the death of the vanquished gladiator. The painter's authority for this bloody mood of the nuns of Vesta is nothing more than our knowledge of the fact that a row of seats was reserved for them at the theatres and circus, as representatives of Vesta, the great protectress of the city. From this certainty it was easy for the artist to imagine a moment when they would be carried away by the interest of the spectacle, and feel their grim Roman veins throbbing to the point of clamoring for blood. Accordingly we see the chaste creatures in a white-robed row in the foreground, excited to the ferocity of fishwives, their hot mouths open for cries of blood, while the immaculate veils still cover their heads in the garb of sacrifice. This is one of the splendid antitheses which Gérôme so loves, and of which he has discovered in his time a greater number than any novelist, any dramatist, or any epic poet of the day. Beneath the Vestals, in the bloody sand, the stout "myrmillo" from Gaul, with the fish on his helmet, has overthrown the light-limbed net-thrower, the "retarius." The vanquished youth extends his hand for pity. But Domitian on his throne (another of Gérôme's inimitable bits of drama) is crushing a fig in his mouth with consummate indifference, and the Vestals toward whom he turns are mad for his death. Poor youth! vile maidens! infernal Roman holiday! It will soon be time for the Goths to rise and glut their ire.

A still more crowded scene is the "Roman Chariot-Race," an imperfect, unlucky effort of Gérôme's, into which, however, are crowded enough of study and knowledge to make the fortune of a dozen ordinary pictures. This canvas, which was not finished till the year of Mr. Stewart's death, had been lingering on the easel for ten years previously. The writer saw it there in 1866, with the concentric oval terraces merely indicated in lines of chalk. "It will be possibly the hanging-gardens of Semiramis?" he asked the master. "No, it is intended for the 'Circus Maximus,'" corrected Gérôme with all courtesy. The composition, evidently finished with ennui for the American market, is the worst in color and quality of any Gérôme of its pretensions. The benches of scarlet-robed senators are particularly offensive in hue. Only a figure of a slave leaning against the wall, a driver breathing hard through the leather straps wound round his breast—only some accidental and episodical figure here and there gives us the refreshment of a good, photographic reality of the Gérôme kind. Yet the erudition of the picture is quite encyclopædic, from the reconstruction of the architecture to the "ordonnance" of the game, from the tribune of the Emperor to the obelisk erected in the middle (presented by Augustus, and now in the Piazza del Popolo) and the egg-shaped goals, recalling the origin of Castor and Pollux, the guardians of all horse-tamers. Six or seven chariots are engaging in the race. Imperfect and "niggled" as seems this "Chariot Race" compared with other things in a great collection, it would be an absorbing parlor picture, and its temperate and classic treatment lifts it high above Wagner's turgid, un-Roman, dispropor-

tional, and technically worthless restoration of a similar scene.

The other Gérôme in the Stewart collection is the "Collaboration," a delightful interior group, characterized by those attitudes of complete abandonment which Gérôme continually discovers, so very careless that they

ders quite above his head as Corneille reads his manuscript of "Psyche" in this picture, are instances of our painter's perfection in the minor drama. To make the "Collaboration" complete, and properly emphasize the introduction of native opera in France, there might have been inserted two more figures, Lulli, who composed the music of "Psyche," and Quinault, who wrote the "intermèdes."

One of the finest examples of German genre art in America is the specimen of Ludwig Knaus, the famous Düsseldorf painter, whom Berlin has attracted to herself by the bait of a professorship. The ever-charming humors of child-character are spread before us by the hand of a master in the construction of innocent vaudevilles. In his present picture, tables are spread in a large room, as if for a school festival. Here are healthy, glutinous boys, little greedy girls demurely satisfying an intense and all-comprising appetite, a singing-woman admitted to lend the sweets of harmony to the feast, an enormous Danish hound rudely pushing his big head between the beautiful village mother and the baby she is feeding. In a retired corner, to the left, a cat, who has appropriated an enormous morsel, is getting it through her throat by shaking her head upward in a series of jerks, after the manner of her kind—the anatomy of the felis family having forgotten to provide any throat-muscles to distribute the food discriminately downward, so that the replenishing must be done by this awkward shaking-up of all the upper part of her body. Who has not seen a great cat thus gormandizing in character, settling her contents as we settle a potato-bag by shaking the mouth, her unamiable lips hanging at the corners with a purse-like expansion, and hissing and lisping as she manages her breath among the descending bubbles of food? But who ever painted these noises and struggles before Knaus? This splendid example is about four by three feet in size and contains nearly fifty figures.

It is interesting to compare the horses of Rosa Bonheur's famous "Foire aux Chevaux" with those of Meissonier's "1807." The former picture used to hang over Meissonier's masterpiece in the Stewart gallery, and did not suffer by the contrast. It is to be hoped that a similar opportunity for comparison will be afforded when these two noble canvases are put on exhibition at the American Art Galleries.

Mademoiselle's animals are solid, each one a rounded, complete fact; in Meissonier's picture the illusion of roundness is lost in a scattering of dissected parts; the horses do not stand out in the air like protruding objects that you can see all the way around. The sense of atmospheric distance, of solidities separated from each other by a bath of air—a quality that any representation of real objects should aim to convey—is the success of the lady's painting. About a score of principal figures of horses, with indications of others in the crowd, and an equal number of human beings more or

less involved in the confusion, make up the groups of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair." The animals are being ridden and led to sale in the early light of a fine spring morning. The drama of the picture is concentrated in the middle, where we see a picturesque but discreditable instance of



MARSHAL DUROC. FRAGMENT OF THE "1807" BY MEISSONIER.

[IN THE A. T. STEWART COLLECTION.]

make you take notice of their carelessness: the actor bending a rod in his Greek theatre scene, the augur twirling a crozier with his little finger extended, Molière resting two fingers on the king's table in the "Louis XIV. and Molière," and Molière shrugging his shoul-

French jockey-ship. The sellers of the fine stallions which are used in Paris for the omnibuses are apt to indulge in every means to spoil each other's property; the grooms

market proper, extending toward the Rue du Cendrier, is planted with two parallel alleys of large trees, destined to shade the animals and protect them in some degree

from flies (which maintain a flourishing metropolis at the Paris horse-market); and it is these symmetrical trees, fringed with the faint green of spring in the pale morning light, which form the beautiful decorative lacework over the bossy forms of Mlle. Bonheur's fat horses. We have seen at least one replica of this picture by the artist—to wit, in the South Kensington Museum, London. Rosa Bonheur is much more highly esteemed as an artist in countries where gallantry and chivalry preponderate over the critical spirit, as England and America, than in her own land. She received the decoration of the Legion of Honor from Eugénie—a thing almost unprecedented for a woman—while the Emperor was absent at Solferino. And Cham has represented her favorite model, a mighty bull, as protesting against the color of this incendiary bit of ribbon, and raising in the studio a revolution worthy of the most confirmed woman-hater.

Auguste Bonheur, Rosa's brother, is represented in the collection by the splendid "Cattle in the Fontainebleau Forest." It is the masterpiece of his life. The mighty plainness of Fontainebleau oak-trunks, like an Egyptian peristyle, rises in evenly-spaced grandeur through a great sylvan perspective, over which the crowns of oak-leaf hang in the still air, and dust the ground with percolated golden lights. Huge cattle, in every conceivable attitude of repose, rest on the grassy carpet. The velvet pile of their hides is as real in texture as any woven

stuff; beautiful skins of brownish black, or of patched bronze and white, are described sleeking their soft richness in the spaces between the trees, sometimes turned to glittering leopard-skins as the spots of light fall upon them. Like the "Horse Fair," this picture was broad enough to occupy the end of a gallery in the Stewart mansion. The brother's work is far superior to the sister's in landscape sentiment, expression of atmosphere, and subtle rendering of soft and difficult textures.

The last, unfinished, work of Mariano Fortuny, called "La Plage de Portici," is a wonderful canvas. Even in its untermitted state, it is one of the most valuable painting lessons that the artist can set before him. The parts that are finished are merely first paintings, never having been dulled by working over; the sketchy parts are so superbly suggestive that one would hardly have them finished. The sloping beach occupies the lower fore-

ground, the blue Mediterranean being seen to the left, and some old walls to the right; some kind of a blackish, ramshackle causeway stretches out to the water in the middle distance, and forms a dark point to catch the eye in the centre of the canvas. The foreground shows modern ladies of many flounces, and all bright colors, lying about on the gravel in easy, graceful positions, and children climbing over them; but these figures are the unfinished part of the composition, and more than one sunny-tempered fair one, whom we should like to know better, consists merely of a pair of distracting silken ankles and a mystery of flounces. The fact is, however, that the very incompleteness of these forms is an effect astonishingly like nature; if a real beach were strewn with real personages in the sun, and we were to observe them at a distance which would make them the size of these paintings, we could not half the time make out their heads or their bodies until they moved. Nature has this "*trompe d'œil*" always ready to tease us, and nature's "*trompe d'œil*" is cunningly facsimiled by the very imperfection of the artist's work. Further on, where the light lap of the indigo wave curls upon the shore, there are finished, minute figures of bathing children, with cherry-stone heads all made out, that really are miniature miracles; how solid and real this brown urchin, of a pin length, who sprawls on the sand; how admirably this back of a bare baby balances upon its little "*séant*." Overhead, in a clear, ultramarine sky, are dissolving lumps of round, cumulus cloud; you think them very white till you hold a visiting-card against them, when you find



THE COLONEL OF THE THIRTEENTH CUIRASSIERS.

IN MEISSONIER'S "1807," IN THE A. T. STEWART COLLECTION.

try to ride down their rivals' beasts, and, taking advantage of the hasty tempers of the half-savage brutes, to make them inflict an injury or disfigurement on their rivals. One stallion, a black, is caused by his rider to rear and paw against another, a pure white animal, who is being hastily led aside by a walking groom. The white shows the easily-excited animosity of an incipient fighter in the wicked roll of his eye, and the man who walks with him, even while busy managing his tossing head and champing mouth, looks back at the other groom with the expression of a quarrel that will keep till a future time; meanwhile the rider of the black, his arm and stick lifted high in the air, and his heels flogging the fury flanks of the animal, makes a fine attitude for the artist, and the central incident of the picture. In front are trotting two very powerful Norman dappled grays, guided by a man in his shirt, who rides the round back of one of them without a saddle. Ponies, hackneys, butchers' cobs, mostly with tails done up in a chignon, French fashion, and all making good time toward the fair, constitute the procession. The horse-market has occupied its present place on the Boulevard de l'Hôpital and the Rue du Maché-aux-Chevaux ever since 1642, when François Barjon, apothecary and chamber valet to the king, obtained the privilege of establishing a horse-market near the present location; the principal entrance is found on the Boulevard side; an ante-court is reserved for the sale of vehicles at auction; then, near the stand of the crier is seen the space destined to accommodate the beasts that are to receive the bids. The



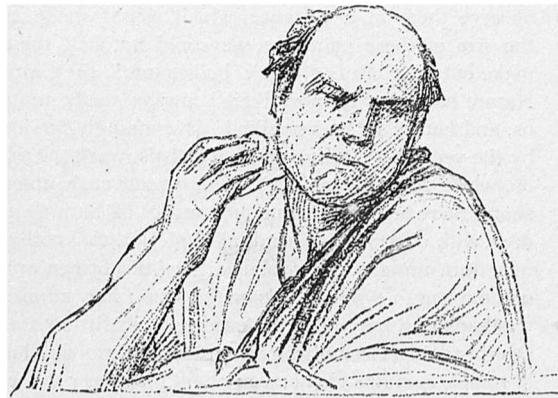
A TRUMPETER OF THE TWELFTH CUIRASSIERS.

IN MEISSONIER'S "1807," IN THE A. T. STEWART COLLECTION.

them quite blue or gray; this sky, painted at a sitting apparently, and never teased or disturbed with corrections, is a cup of intense blue fire, and one of the most

luminous bits of work ever done, without doubt. By going over the canvas with your visiting-card test, you find there is not a speck of pure white in the picture, though it is as high in tone as a picture can be.

The other great Fortuny is the "Algerian Snake-charmer." He is a flexible, half-nude young fellow, lying on his breast on a rug; the snake, very flat on the ground, and apparently crawling before the eye, yawns in front, within a few inches of his head. A spectrally lean old Arab, his valuable countenance hooded in invisibility, squats just beyond, and a secretary-bird, or something of that kind, with a long, stiff leg, and a beak like a butcher's knife, meditates in front. The effect is a som-



STUDY OF DOMITIAN. IN "POLICE VERSO."

[GÉRÔME'S PICTURE IN THE A. T. STEWART COLLECTION.]

bre, twilight one, and the striped tents lie in the distance like a mountain range. This is still more a masterpiece of pure technic than the first; the flatness with which the foreground figure lies on that lean stomach of his, the ease with which the bones of his legs roll from their sockets over one another as they cross are all understood by a sapient doctor of design. This is one of the achievements that the nineteenth century may confidently put beside any old master of the past.

The best of the Boldinis is almost up to the first-named Fortunys. It represents French washerwomen kneeling at the river; the retrogression of their figures in perspective, as they crouch in a curved line along the circling bank, is admirable—they are so well in place and so solidly placed on the ground. The white lumps of cloud, dissolving in the intense ether, like loaf-sugar in the blue flame of brandy-coffee, are equally successful as these of the "Portici," though with less ease and carelessness in manner of painting. And the Boldini represents "The Park of Versailles in the Eighteenth Century," with gallants making a leg to fine ladies in sedan-chairs. The modish insincerity of their poses takes away from the seeming merit of an artist who really can design the figure very well. The décolleté necks and pinchable little arms of these microscopic puppets show great mastery of flesh-quality, and the blue glint of reflected light from the foliage is a bit of nature-truth that nobody began to see till the "Spanish-Roman" school arose.

[To be concluded.]

IT seems certain that the gratuitous art education in the Paris studios of the École des Beaux Arts, where so many of our American artists have learned the "humanities" of their profession, will soon be a thing of the past, as the appropriation item for their support has been stricken from the parliamentary budget. Mr. Theodore Child, writing to The New York Sun, expresses the opinion, however, that the suppression of the schools will not much matter, from the point of view of the art student. He says:

"It will simply lead to the increase of private studios, where, as hitherto, the masters will give their services gratis, according to the noble and disinterested French tradition, and where a monthly subscription of four or five dollars will suffice to pay models and studio expenses. In point of fact, even now, owing to the severity of the competition, foreigners stand a poor chance of getting admission to the studios of the École des Beaux Arts, which are far from sufficient to accommodate the Frenchmen. The consequence is that hundreds and hundreds of students, both French and foreign, attend the vast private studios of Julian, Colarossi, and others, where the professors are men of distinction, like Bouguereau, Boulanger, Tony Robert Fleury, Jules Lefebvre, Luminais, Chapu, Fremiet, and Gervex. Thus, practically, the suppression of the free state studios will not do great harm, but it will, nevertheless, be an absurdity and an economy unworthy of artistic France."

PORTRAIT-PAINTING IN OILS.

II.—POSING THE SITTER—SETTING THE PALETTE— THE FIRST PAINTING.

IT is assumed that you are in your studio, where you have a comparatively uniform light; it should be a north light, if possible, and at least it must be such that no sunbeams can come dancing about and playing you tricks. Neither must any cross-lights be allowed to distract you. Shut out all the light except what comes from the upper part of one window. Place the sitter so that the light will fall upon him from his right at an angle of about 45°. Front light must always be avoided; it is not favorable to relief, and is mischievous in many ways. Now you are prepared to work with the light on your left, which is always most desirable for all who are right-handed. Of course any one who must work with the left hand may reverse all these conditions as to position.

In previously observing your subject—and abundant observation is favorable to success—you have noticed many attitudes and expressions that have seemed suggestive of what you would like in a portrait—or what would appear "natural." But there is much that is natural which must not to be put upon canvas. It is difficult to get all you want, without getting something that you do not want. Sir Thomas Lawrence had fifty sittings for a portrait of the Duke of Wellington, before he felt satisfied that he had achieved this. I have no fear that citing such an example will tend, in the least, to quench the right kind of fire in the student, and there is no harm in throwing a little cold water on the "hit-or-miss" spirit of to-day.

It is supposed that a strictly classical subject will bear viewing from any point; but, even then, light and shadow may play you false. Notice that direct light gives force, and diffused light, softness. You must have one principal light, and keep all the rest subordinate; yet you must get that happy diffusion of light which will make itself felt even in the deepest shadows to a degree sufficient to give them some gradation. Texture depends very much upon this. But do not be too liberal in diffusing light lest you descend into hopeless insipidity.

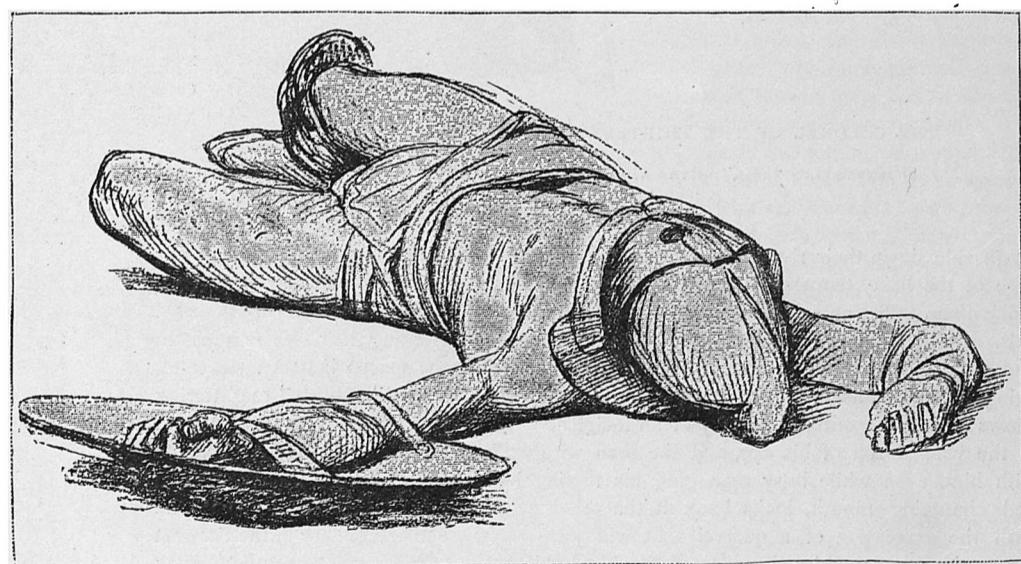
As you will probably undertake no more than the head and bust at first, little need be said here about the di-

darker, as no light strikes it from the lower part of the window.

Let the position and aspect of the sitter be consistent with his character, only be sure that he does not look as if conscious of sitting for a portrait. Whatever may be your wishes regarding his expression, trust to its coming freely from the soul. Do not make direct suggestions, though, by adroit conversation, you may reach, as it were, the springs that will act as you desire; then leave the rest to the inspiration of the flying moments.

It is seldom that you want a direct, full view of a face; if you do, it can be placed equidistant from the sides of the canvas, but, otherwise, let there be a little more space on the side toward which the face is turned. In allowing space above the head, let the actual height of the sitter be considered; a high position on the canvas naturally gives an idea of length below.

After you have secured a good bold outline in charcoal, trace over it with a lead-pencil, and, taking a large light cloth, slat off the charcoal. Perfect any lines that may not have taken hold strong enough, and you are ready for color. Of course your likeness is without shade, and flat; and it is difficult for you to judge how it will round out in oils. You cannot afford to experiment in oils, for this would involve the manipulation which is so fatal. The safe course is to take a few transparent water-colors and lay on thin washes of flesh tones that will, in a subdued light, give you something very like what the oil portrait is to be. To make the water-colors adhere to the oily surface of the canvas, put a few drops of ox-gall into the water. Take warm sepia for the deep shadows, and cool their edges with neutral tint—if the latter looks rather purplish, add yellow ochre; the same will serve for the half-tints. Next mix vermilion and yellow ochre, and go over all the rest of the face except the high lights, which may be represented for the present by your untouched canvas. Do not use white, as this is opaque and would injure the texture of the oil-colors that are to come. Touch the lower lip with vermilion and rose madder, and give the upper lip a warm shadow tint. Touch the nostrils, the lachrymals in the inner corners of the eyes, and the openings in the ears, with rose madder and burnt Sienna. The cheeks and chin will probably want a little rose madder. Apply the required color to the eyes, and wipe it out where the reflected lights fall. Lay in soft shaded lines for the lashes, and broader, more broken touches for the eyebrows. Wash in a suit-



STUDY OF A DEAD GLADIATOR. IN "POLICE VERSO."

[GÉRÔME'S PICTURE IN THE A. T. STEWART COLLECTION.]

rection of lines or the balancing of masses. Look out that what you do intend to paint shall present curved flowing lines rather than straight ones. Sometimes the two may be brought in judicious contrast with great advantage.

Place a screen, or extended cloth, several feet behind the chair of the sitter; this is for relief, and for the actual background to be painted. The color should be of a medium tone, cool and delicate for a fair subject, and warm for a dark one. As yet do not try to introduce anything more in the background. Have this at such an angle that it gets some variety of light, instead of a uniform flat tone. The lower part will, of course, be

able color for the hair, thinning it toward the spared lights and toning it with neutral tint. Finally throw some of the background color around the head. Now you have a sort of phantom portrait, but it is not very beautiful in a bright light. Shut off the light so that you lose all perception of texture. Now look at the portrait from a distance, as if for the first time, and see how you are impressed. Is it a likeness? Your eyes will soon grow accustomed to the obscure light, and begin to see more than the general effect; shut off still more of the light and look again. If you think you have been at all successful, place a looking-glass so that you may see the canvas reflected in it. Sometimes this will

reveal discrepancies that you have not discovered when looking directly at the work. It is probable that you will decide to make further use of the water-colors. When you have been working a long time, you cannot

tints in the order in which they lie on the palette, beginning with the darkest; but it is the lighter ones that you will need most if the complexion is fair. You have been working all the time toward the local flesh color, do not

the lashes, and let the eyebrows be soft, and broken with light—never a hard, arching line—and treat with great care the shadows above and below the eyes.

For the first painting of the hair be sure that you use colors sufficiently warm and transparent. The farther hair is removed from black, the more it partakes of brown, red and yellow. Very light hair would show little of the first two of these colors except in deep shadow; and, the lighter the hair, the warmer the high lights; on black, or nearly black, hair, they are cold and bluish. The tints mixed for the cool tones of the face may be used for the half-tints of the hair. Keep the hair in mass, and never in wiry lines. Let it meet the flesh tones with a soft gradation, and not abruptly like a wig. If little lifted masses or curls cast shadows make the most of them.

The ears, of course, have been treated like the rest of the flesh; and, if they are beautiful, they will be "like pink pearly shells"—only softer. For the neck, too, use the same method as for the face.

At whatever stages you have to suspend your work during its progress, let the unfinished places be soft and much broken. A hard edge, left to dry, becomes a serious embarrassment. Though all this is laid down as if for consecutive steps, it is expected that the amount undertaken at one sitting will be in proportion to acquired skill.

Your portrait is now without high lights on the flesh, and it is far warmer than you wish it to be when finished. The fairer the subject, the more of a yellow warmth we want in the first painting.

Leave this to dry thoroughly, and in the March number of *The Art Amateur* you will find directions for the next painting.

H. S. SAKING.



STUDY BY GÉRÔME FOR HIS PICTURE, "POLICE VERSO."

[IN THE A. T. STEWART COLLECTION.]

judge of the results so well as when you come upon it afresh.

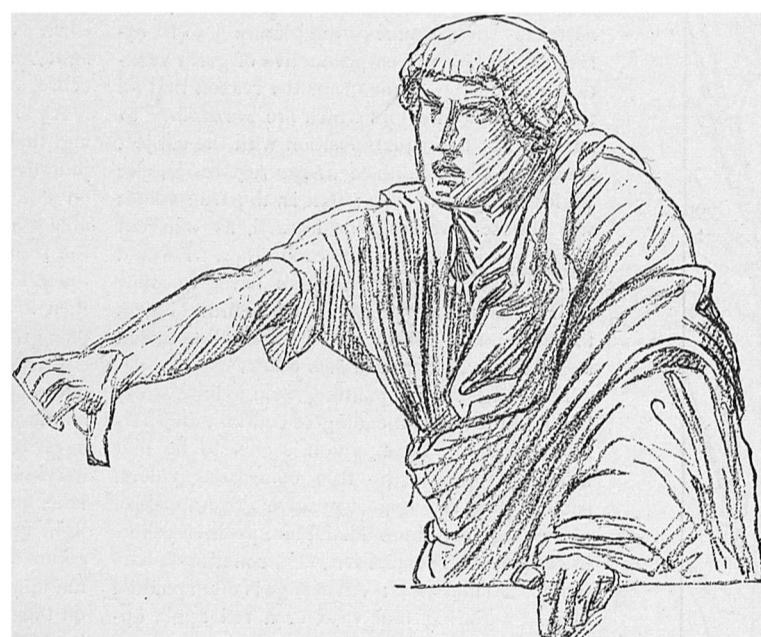
When quite sure that you do not wish to make any more corrections, it is time to get out your oil-colors. Set your palette according to the method given in the January number for studying drapery. For the first painting, you want the following colors: Creminitz white, Naples yellow, yellow ochre, scarlet vermilion, light red, madder lake, raw Sienna, burnt Sienna, raw umber, burnt umber, terre verte, cobalt, brown madder, Vandyck brown.

Of course the same colors in different proportions will produce different tints, and you must increase or diminish the proportions according to the tendency of the colors toward the tone of the complexion that you are to paint. For the flesh tints take (1) white, Naples yellow and very little vermilion, (2) the same, with more vermilion, (3) these again with a little madder lake, (4) white, yellow ochre and light red. For the light shades and cool half-tints, (1) terre verte, madder lake, cobalt, and a little white, (2) the same without cobalt, (3) the same with raw Sienna, (4) these again with raw umber instead of raw Sienna. For the warm shadows, (1) yellow ochre, light red, burnt umber, and raw Sienna, (2) the same, with burnt Sienna instead of light red, (3) then these, with Vandyck brown instead of yellow ochre, (4) these again, with brown madder instead of raw Sienna.

Now you have three rows of mixed tints. With a large, flat bristle brush, begin with the third dark, warm tint, and lay in, with short, vigorous touches tending in direction to suit the moulding of the surface, all the dark, warm shadow. Now use the next lighter, the second, in approaching the half-tones; and, as you reach the half-tones, use the next, the first. Study carefully the cool edges of the shadows and the half-tones. It is here that lack of experience is most

lower part of the face where it is least fair and white, and No. 1 to the upper part, using a full brush. Do not be afraid of broad touches, and do not retouch and coax the color all down into waxy smoothness—that would mean failure. It is only color which is laid where

Now you may apply the light flesh tint, No. 4, to the



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it ought to be and let alone that keeps all its freshness and purity. These most desirable qualities are sure to be in inverse proportion to the amount of manipulation.

Next use No. 3 of your first row of tints on the lower lip, and, perhaps, a little on the least shaded portion of the upper lip, then in the nostrils, the ears, and the inner corners of the eyes. After this, more or less of No. 2 on the cheeks and chin.

Now go back to the last row of shadow tints, and, with a sable brush, put in the darkest lines of the warm shadows with No. 4.

Consider the true color of the eyes. A blue eye means very little blue of any kind and a black eye calls for transparent browns rather than black. Some ivory black may be used with burnt Sienna for the pupil, and the cool tints already mixed may be used on the white of the eye; for here, again, white does not

mean white. Even the sharp reflected light on the eye requires shading with cool tints. Let the upper part of the iris soften into the broad, shadowy effect given to

the lashes, and let the eyebrows be soft, and broken with light—never a hard, arching line—and treat with great care the shadows above and below the eyes.

For the first painting of the hair be sure that you use colors sufficiently warm and transparent. The farther hair is removed from black, the more it partakes of brown, red and yellow. Very light hair would show little of the first two of these colors except in deep shadow; and, the lighter the hair, the warmer the high lights; on black, or nearly black, hair, they are cold and bluish. The tints mixed for the cool tones of the face may be used for the half-tints of the hair. Keep the hair in mass, and never in wiry lines. Let it meet the flesh tones with a soft gradation, and not abruptly like a wig. If little lifted masses or curls cast shadows make the most of them.

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FRUIT-PAINTING IN OILS.

III.—ON HARMONIES AND COMPOSITION
—SMALL FRUITS—PAINTING STRAWBERRIES, RASPBERRIES AND BLACKBERRIES.

MOST young artists fall into the error of believing that if they match the *local* color exactly, this is all they have to do. There can be no greater mistake, for the reason that the local color never can be matched *exactly*. We must keep in mind continually that we are striving with *light*, and all our poor palettes afford to represent light is dull, opaque paint; therefore we must force up our pigments by every means at our command, so as to approach as near to the strength and beauty of nature as possible.

In order to attain this object, I generally paint my subjects a shade or two lighter than they appear to the eye, with the purest and highest colors. When this coat is partially dry or (in studio parlance) "tacky," I drag over it a semi-transparent color of a darker and richer hue. For example, in a crimson apple, the illuminated side I paint pure vermilion, keeping all the gradations down to the deepest shadow, in har-



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likely to embarrass you. A somewhat practised eye is needed to appreciate these tones. It is especially on retiring surfaces that they are apparent. Use the cool



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mony with this higher key. When this coat becomes tacky, I drag over it rose madder or madder lake, always having scrupulous care to keep the harmony of the whole